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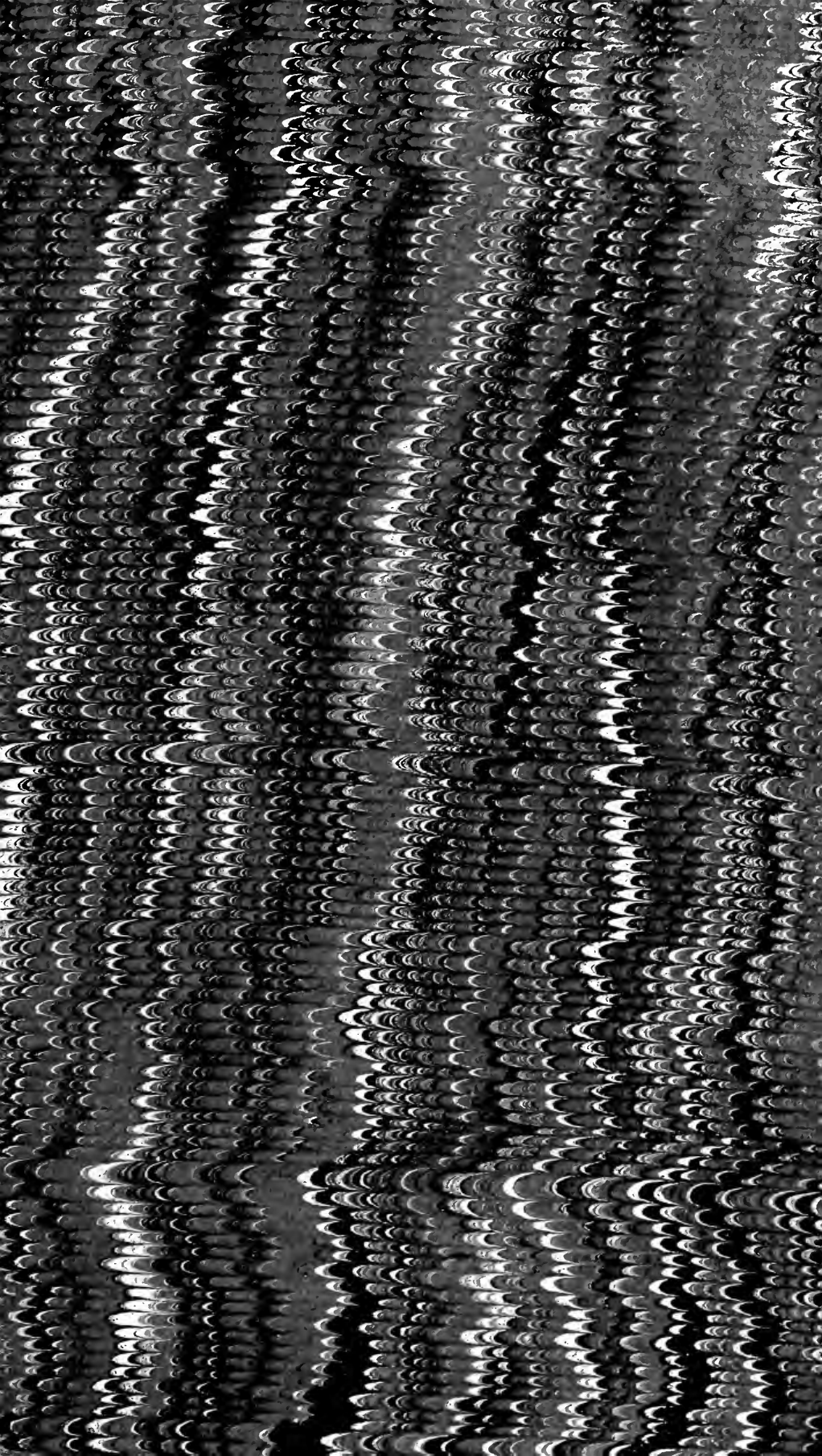
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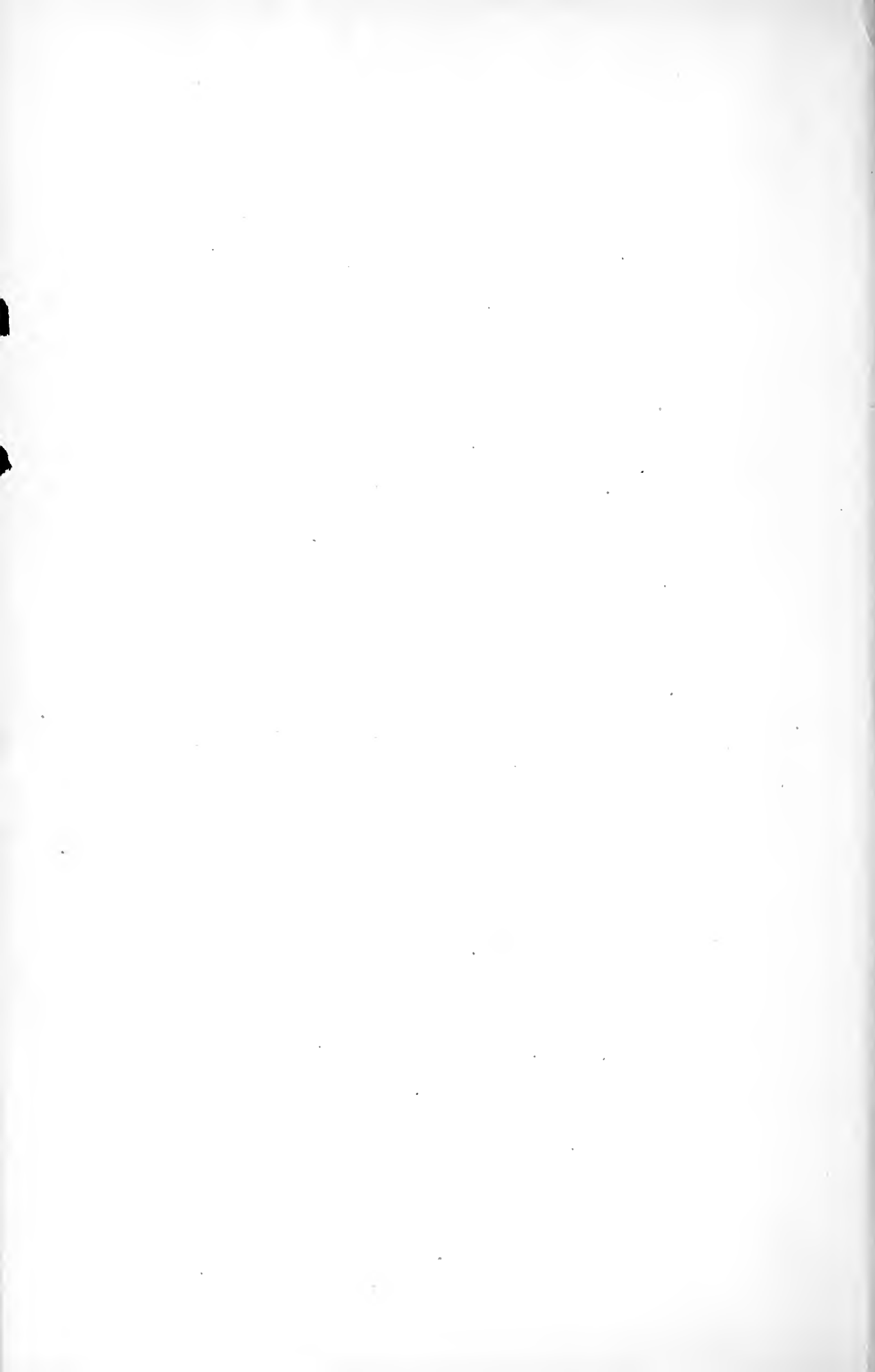
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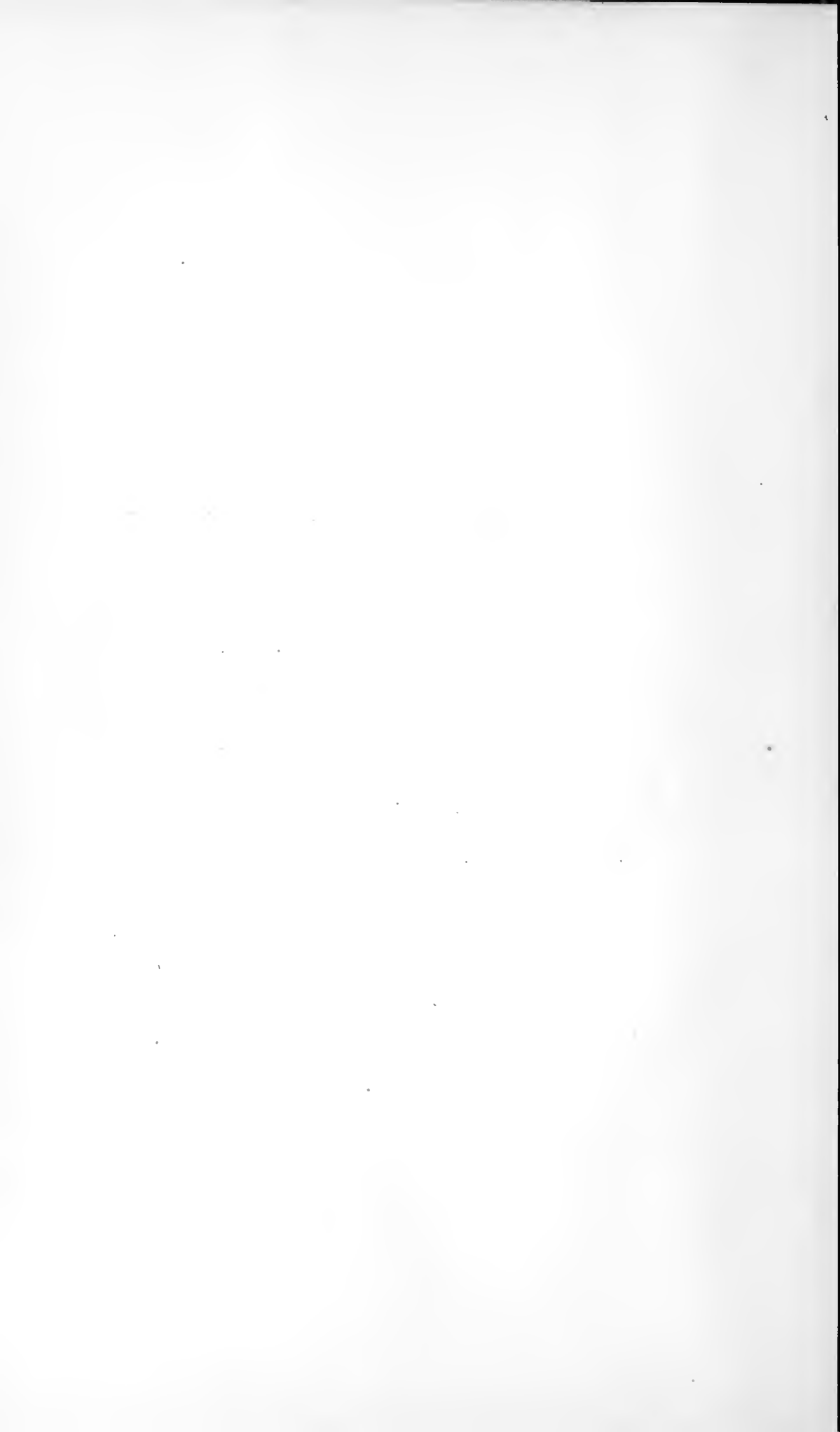
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.















SOPHIA;

OR,

Reign of Woman.



Sold at the Metropolitan Fair for the Benefit of the United  
States Sanitary Commission.

HOLMAN, PRINTER.



S O P H I A ;

OR,

The Reign of Woman.

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Sold at the Metropolitan Fair for the Benefit of the United States  
Sanitary Commission.

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New York:

HOLMAN, CORNER OF CENTRE AND WHITE STREETS.

1864.

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# P R O E M.

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LET Dante flit with demon wing,  
And Milton rebel angels sing,  
My theme more lofty is by far,  
Rebels —— who always angels are !

Since man had tried so oft, in vain,  
The long-lost Eden to regain,  
The sex thought best to show the men  
How they could conquer it again.  
Ah ! See what heavenly dreams now rise—  
A woman's dream of Paradise !  
Here nature wears her bridal dress,  
A maiden clothed in loveliness.

Swards of green and trees above,  
Flowers, birds, and songs of love.  
An endless choice in beauty's maze  
Enraptures the beholder's gaze.  
Quiet arbors yield repose  
Where the passion-flower grows,  
Vines around their tendrils fling,  
Close and lovingly they cling ;  
Honeysuckles of delight,  
Creeping o'er their souls at night,  
Sweetly kiss their breath away  
Till ecstasy is born with day.

## Canto First.

### ARGUMENT.

ENEAS seeks his ship of gain—  
Leaves Dido for the business main ;  
In common parlance, man neglects  
For trade to cultivate the sex.  
Of course, the women make a fuss,  
As life is too monotonous,  
And those who have no mortal lover,  
Make haste to gain the spirits over.  
At length, to settle its pretension,  
The sex invokes a grand convention.

WHEN man, a biped, epicure,  
Image of God in miniature,  
The Quixote of a windmill nation  
That grinds the chaff of speculation,  
Went madly forth to daily fight,  
Without his wife, the arrant knight !  
(As Hector turned for deadly strife,  
From sweet Andromache, his wife,)  
He left poor woman to become  
A useless ornament at home.

No more the flax from distaff whirl'd,  
 Upon the pointed spindle twirl'd,  
 By woman's nimble fingers fed,  
 Of cheerful hours spins the thread ;  
 No more the shuttle bird she plies  
 Between the warp that—singing—flies !  
 No more she carols merrily,  
 And draws the stitch so cheerily.  
 Her song has ceased—her hand is staid—  
 Black Douglas, of the sewing trade,  
 His gauntlet on her arm has laid.  
 With iron grasp and soulless clutch,  
 He holds the thread and beats the Dutch !

Invention manufactures ease,  
 But idleness is hard to please.  
 Though loud the call of Nature may be,  
 What blessed Mary swathes her baby ?  
 What chaste Virginia puts a stitch in,  
 Or lady dare go near her kitchen ?  
 Her healthful duties so refined  
 They leave her but the bitter rind.  
 Madam, perchance, lives in the city,  
 The nearer true, the more the pity.  
 A grain of sand upon the shore,  
 But feels its loneliness the more.  
 Her servants are as good as you,  
 Their mistress, yea, and better too—



I mean the "help"—I won't defame  
 A servant with a servant's name.  
 Those precious "helps"—Oh, had I time  
 To sound their praise in trumpet rhyme !  
 Those lustrous gems, that patriots style,  
 "The jewels of the Emerald Isle !"

Nor dare my lady seek abroad  
 The pleasures home do not afford—  
 While England's dames may tippie sherry,  
 Leap six-rail fences and make merry ;  
 Senoras, too, applaud bull baiting,  
 And kiss their lovers through a grating ;  
 She must depend on wind and weather,  
 To promenade a hat and feather.  
 No wonder, then, this lonely beauty  
 Soon feels sweet love turn sour duty,  
 And keen desires growing rife  
 To change her present mode of life.

The maids, too, in their "teens" loathe reading.  
 And sigh, in vain, for special pleading,  
 For innocently in their sight,  
 "A lover is a woman's right!"  
 Thus "woman's rights," like all things new,  
 Grew out of nothing else to do.

A thought that once can burst its shell,  
 Will soon find legs to run as well.

Like lady-bugs the spinsters flew  
 To "woman's rights" to put them through.  
 'Tis woman's right to vent her mind,  
 If not on man, then, on mankind!  
 And as they would the sex enhance,  
 The widows went in for a chance.  
 The widows, may be, could discover,  
 In "woman's rights"—at least a lover!  
 But sewing-girls, whose life was staid,  
 As frail as patchwork for the trade,  
 Whose days were run together by  
 Their little needle's pliancy,  
 For fear their daily bread was gone,  
 Dropped but a stitch—and then sewed on.

To gain the spirits to their cause—  
 Spirits unknown to nature's laws—  
 In darkened room the assembled fair  
 Thus to the sprites addressed their prayer :  
 "Table spirits! ardent friends!  
 "That no mortal comprehends—  
 "Are you present? tip a table,  
 "Tell us soon as you are able;  
 "Answer quick, will spirits be  
 "Champions for our liberty?"  
 Rap, rap, rap—it is agreed,  
 Spirits break a lance in need.  
 The spirits favor their intention,  
 To meet in "woman's rights" convention

At Rochester, the inspiring town,  
For Mormons, spirits, and the gown.  
So great was "woman's rights" at birth,  
That crinolina filled the earth!

## Canto Second.

### ARGUMENT.

THE sex assembles to declare  
Itself in favor of the fair.  
Well shod in theologic shoes,  
The clergy tread upon the "blues,"  
But show how tight the shoe must pinch,  
For not a "blue" will budge an inch.  
Discussion closed, all go away,  
To meet the sex the second day!

BEHOLD! behold! they come! they come!  
With steady march to tap of drum!  
Behold! the liberators come!  
Young maids and spinsters lead the van,  
Well armed with looks to conquer man.  
A fluttering flag the story told,  
A Venus Victrix wrapped in gold.  
Behind, the so-called housewives come,  
A gentle flock, but troublesome;  
All dressed in colors bright to view,  
In *rose* and *browns* of *mot*-ley hue.  
A stream of flowers they move along,  
Repelling oft the pressing throng.

The men observe the flowing ranks,  
 Like donkeys from a river's banks ;  
 Each Jack perceives, with wistful eye,  
 The flowery thistles floating by—  
 So much like munching them he feels,  
 Throws back his ears and gently squeals ;  
 But Prejudice has placed her pack  
 And saddled custom on his back,  
 So that he doubts to bray—or lunge—  
 Or kick—and in among them plunge ;  
 At length the crowd makes up its mind,  
 And follows quietly behind.

But now, behold! the “Mammoth Bull,”  
 The monster hall, is quarter full ;  
 Non-orthodox and orthodox  
 Are huddled, neatly fleeced, in flocks,  
 Each jogs behind its own bell-wether,  
 And all, if any, leap together ;  
 For sheep to-day, in field or pen,  
 Still typify the minds of men.  
 While every sect within the hall,  
 Reveals the truth of Adam's fall ;  
 Each, self-elected, sounds the knell,  
 To speed each other down to —— well,  
 Don't fear a shock to ears polite,  
 Some must be wrong—some may be right!

The topmost gallery was stowed  
 Full with a transcendental load ;

One part with shaking shakers shook,  
 And quakers with a quaking look.  
 Nor were the Millerites aloof,  
 But flocked in white robes to the roof,  
 In order not to meet alone  
 The ἀποκατάστασις παντῶν;  
 And as the crowd pressed through the door,  
 They cried aloud: "Excelsior!"

With clattering feet and shuffling din  
 The gaitered sex came pouring in,  
 And soon the fair, upheld by throngs,  
 Sat on the platform of their wrongs.  
 Then, from the high presiding chair,  
 Thus spake a lady glib and fair,  
 (Whose modest shawl was pinned too high,  
 To tantalize the gallery):  
 "My friends, when woman's dove soul tries,  
 " Aloft to gain the highest prize,  
 " Unhooded falcon man soon throws  
 " Her fluttering where she first arose.  
 " Shall it be said a woman can  
 " Be nothing but a rib of man,  
 " Abandoned by the Church and State,  
 " In all things man's subordinate?  
 " Arise, O Venus, in thy charms,  
 " Seize boldly on Minerva's arms!  
 " And ye, O men, divide your sway,  
 " Stand back! 'Tis woman's right of way!"

Though not precisely of a feather,  
 The clergy put their heads together,  
 To circumscribe, if not defy,  
 This hoop-and-bustle fallacy.  
 "Hurrahs" and "bravas," from the right,  
 Greeted their speaker with delight.  
 The knowing elbow punched its proxy,  
 And proxy punched back orthodoxy.  
 "Tremble!" said he, "ye truant flocks,  
 Non-orthodox and orthodox,  
 Your fallacies, on Church and State,  
 Are far too ample for debate.  
 Misguided sex, be pleased to note  
 What Paul to Timothy once wrote :  
 "Let all the younger women marry,  
 To save them from the adversary.  
 And to prevent all compromise,  
 Let all the widows do likewise."  
 The sex, we think, should ever be  
 Close veiled in deep humility."  
 And as we know you should obey,  
 Vide Saint Paul and Michelet,  
 We beg you, therefore, maid or madam,  
 To bow to man, as Eve to Adam!"  
 He finished midst the great applause  
 Of all opponents to the cause.

A "blue," then, brought some books to bear,  
 And opened thus, with knowing air :

“Ladies! a man has spoken—still  
 “The earth revolves and always will.  
 “‘Submit, O wives,’ says Paul, but can  
 “Paul judge? Was Paul a married man?  
 “It might be well for us to throw  
 “At man a thunderbolt or so.  
 “In Genesis you all will find  
 “That knowledge came through womankind;  
 “And look at Homer, King of Song,  
 “Whose verse buds out of woman’s wrong!  
 “The Vedas say: ‘An egg was laid,  
 “From which our vaulted globe was made;  
 “That heaven and earth together dwell  
 “Within the lower and upper shell!’  
 “Now, O Philosopher, reply—  
 “Who laid that egg—was’t you or I?  
 “To power celestial we appeal,  
 “Old China of the yellow seal.  
 “What didst thou teach, O Con-fu-tseu?  
 “And thy disciple, O Meng-tseu?  
 “O princes of celestial thought,  
 “What were the principles you taught?  
 “By the Choo-king and the Chi-king,  
 “Confirmed *in toto* by the Y-king—  
 “By the ritual Li-ki  
 “So pleasing to the almond eye—  
 “By the precious Ta-hio,  
 “Inspired near the Hoang-ho—



" By the three-tailed Mandarin,  
" From Mandchoo Peking to Nankin—  
" Celestials all, of earth and heaven,  
" Believe that ' Yn ' and ' Yang ' are even !  
" Thus is the male and female cause  
" Proved equal by celestial laws."

And having shown the sex to be  
Man's equal by theology,  
The speaker, from the chair *pro tem.*,  
Adjourned the house till nine A. M. !

## Canto Third.

### ARGUMENT.

THE sex first shows its tenderness  
To the reporters of the Press ;  
And then most cordially invites  
Discussion of its civil rights.  
Its right is argued with discretion,  
To vote or practice a profession ;  
And, having routed all its foes,  
It brings the meeting to a close !

'Twas sounding nine, the booming bell,  
The ringing, clinging to the knell,  
When in the house began to pour  
The ladies, blooming as before !  
The speaker, from the lofty stand,  
With daily papers in her hand,  
At the reporters' desk flashed fire,  
And hurled this thunderbolt of ire :  
" O scribblers ! goslings of the quill !  
" Relieve the world by keeping still,  
" Or try to rise on well-greased wings,  
" And take a bird's-eye view of things.

"We know your libel, false or true,  
 "Retracted, doubles revenue.  
 "But, then, you call it—what? Why, guess;  
 "Of course—'The Freedom of the Press!'  
 "This hair-wash, rubbed upon a drum,  
 "Will make its hair and whiskers come.  
 "Enough—you see what 'tis about—  
 "Would you know more—The *Ledger* 's out!  
 "Would you acquire a mighty name?  
 "Yes—then *Herald* yourself to fame!  
 "Go, travel with the *Evening Post*,  
 "And sup with the Parnassian host!  
 "They say the *Sun* gives forth no light;  
 "The *Tribune*'s black's as good as white!  
 "Our Union flag was ne'er unfurled,  
 "Can we believe it, in the *World*?  
 "Who would believe it, if he could,  
 "Believe the *Daily News*, or would?  
 "But listen! mark those varied chimes,  
 "And be no more behind the *Times*!"  
 She spoke—then gently smoothed her dress,  
 And sat upon 't—as 't were the Press.

A farmer in the "Mammoth Bull"  
 Then took advantage of the lull  
 To shove his scow of common sense  
 Upon this sea of eloquence:  
 "I think," said he, "who mows the sward  
 "Should have the hay for his reward.

"Can woman boss the gang, or sow,  
 "Cut feed and reap—I want to know?"  
 On this the women folk were quiet,  
 Yet one replied: "May be she'd try it!"

Now on the speaker's stand is seen  
 A brunette of a graceful mien,  
 Her hair, that hidden fillets bind,  
 In flowing ringlets falls behind.  
 "The greatest men," said she, "have said,  
 "They had their mother's heart or head,  
 "From Cæsar to Napoleon,  
 "The Gracchi down to Washington.

"Montaigne says, man's pre-eminence  
 "Consists in learning, not in sense;  
 "But Mary Wallstonecraft denounces  
 "All vain prerogatives of flounces.  
 "Though Rousseau thinks a maid or wife  
 "Should be dependent all her life,  
 "Poor man! he never could afford  
 "To pay his lady love for board.  
 "Madame de Staël prefers a lover,  
 "At least, in intellect, above her.  
 "And yet by intellect, not heart,  
 "She tried to conquer Bonaparte.

"To-day, while Phillips winds the horn,  
 "Clear notes on wings of freedom borne,

"Ward Beecher, Osgood, clever pack,  
 "With Bellows, Curtis, at their back,  
 "Bound bravely forth, to our delight,  
 "In full pursuit of Woman's Right!  
 "While cautiously upon their tracks  
 "Come Bryant, Lowell, Holmes, and Saxe,  
 "Longfellow marks, with cry sublime,  
 "Our 'footprints on the sands of time,'  
 "And Bancroft, Motley, Sparks must light  
 "Man's brightest beacon, Woman's Right!  
 "How many Sapphos, Martineaus,  
 "M'Cullocks, Brontes, Staëls, and Stowes,  
 "Browns, Sedgwicks, Brownings, Wrights, and  
     Howes,  
 "Have wreathed the laurel round their brows!  
 "Vive Montesquieu! whose learned pen  
 "Lets woman rule as well as men.  
 "Victoria reigns, a richer gem  
 "Than empires in her diadem!  
 "Vive Isabella! and Christina  
 "Of salic fame, who to a queen a  
 "Daughter raised, salic in demeanor,  
 "And be it known we will endorse a  
 "Similar maid of Saragossa!  
 "Though warlike heroines are rare,  
 "Who can with Joan of Arc compare!  
 "Who does not Corday's lot bewail,  
 "Or pray for Florence Nightingale!  
 "The Siddons, Kembles, of the stage,  
 "Ristoris, Rachels, mark the age.

“ In painting many Rosa Bonhœurs,  
 “ In operas the *prima donnas*!  
 “ Why not in music’s sister art,  
 “ In architecture play her part?  
 “ When Greeks, with glowing genius, sought  
 “ To model ‘chastity of thought’—  
 “ Then rose the pure white marble pile—  
 “ A foam-girt Virgin on an isle—  
 “ Athena’s peerless Parthenon!  
 “ And close beside the Eretheion,  
 “ Rich jewel casket of the maid:  
 “ But at the Virgin’s feet was laid  
 “ The sun-browned monarch of the plain,  
 “ Old Jupiter Olympian!  
 “ And choirs of Greece were wont to sing  
 “ His praise in this poetic swing:  
 “ ‘Around him stand columns in state,  
 “ ‘Sultanas adorned for a *fête*—  
 “ ‘Like maidens of Corinth, they wear  
 “ ‘Their tresses in braids, while they bear  
 “ ‘On their heads rich baskets of flowers,  
 “ ‘As girls of Eleusis their dowers!’

“ Why is it not, then, woman’s place  
 “ To build a house, who founds a race?  
 “ And if ’tis true that all the fair  
 “ Are garrulous, as men declare,  
 “ Whose ‘pros’ and ‘cons’ need much revision  
 “ By bringing ideas in collision.

"Behold! the law steps in to cheer,  
 "And offers them a bright career!  
 "The law! what fools are we to quote it,  
 "That taxes us who never vote it!"

"Hold!" cried a lawyer near the door,  
 With frontispiece of legal lore,  
 Whose hair philippic, some call red,  
 Stood up, and he stood up and said:  
 "Taxation claims a right to vote;  
 "Voting, taxation should denote—  
 "And yet it seems to me taxation  
 "To man's protection bears relation.  
 "'Tis always man, not womanhood,  
 "In peace or war, that sheds his blood.  
 "True! war is wrong, but man will fight  
 "Till, bad is good and wrong is right!"

"One law, thank heaven! still holds in life:  
 "A married man, in case of strife,  
 "May gently castigate his wife!"

"Vipers! Ye tyrants of the race!"  
 Shrieked out a widow from her place,  
 Slashing the curls across her face:  
 "Gentlemen of the floor! shall knaves  
 "Make unprotected females slaves?  
 "Go! let the ballot-box contain  
 "Your manly vote for woman's reign;

“ We throw ourselves on you to-day.”

“ Here !” cried the men, “ this way ! this way !”

The “ Mammoth Bull,” then, from its flanks,  
Like Trojan horse, set free its ranks ;  
And as they issued from the door,  
The Millerites cried as before :  
“ Excelsior ! Excelsior ! !”



## Canto Fourth.

### ARGUMENT.

THE sex established in New York  
Alarms the people, like the stork  
Sent down by Jupiter to reign  
Among the frogs of Lafontaine ;  
But soon, accustomed to its sway,  
They let the ladies have their way,  
And on the rounds of daily life  
Walks man's temptation—maid and wife ;  
While man, obedient, stays at home,  
To cook, and wash, and nurse, and comb !  
The sex, with "*copia verborum*,"  
Maintains the law courts and decorum,  
And woman so delights the nation,  
They make her chief by acclamation !

THE sex enthroned, it seemed too late  
For shackled man to mourn his fate ;  
Yet from all sides the cry came on :  
" Othello's occupation's gone !"  
Like thunder claps the news was flung,  
And lo ! the lawyer held his tongue,

The brawny blacksmith felt his doom,  
 And half-shod horses limped off home !  
 Fear-stricken words can not describe  
 The anguish of the tailor tribe ;  
 They first, by nines, together ran—  
 Together, like a single man,  
 And asked, like Davy Crockett's coons :

“ Has man abolished pantaloons ?

“ Sartorius ! if this be true,

“ Our thread is snapped—what shall we do ?”

The cobbler's boot lay on his lap,  
 He tightened up the leather strap,  
 Waxed strings, with bristle points, to sew,  
 Alas ! he never drew them through.

In school the mistress hastes to dub  
 The loyal Dominie a *sub* ;

And, with the whalebone from her gown,  
 Contrives to keep the big boys down—

All trades, professions, followed suit,  
 And proved the sex had taken root.

The fast ones smoked, and some were able  
 To play on Phelan's billiard table,

To wear men's “ pants ” and counterfeit  
 The French grisettes of '48 !

On every corner, for a mile, a

Red-painted, sepulchred, Delilah

Stood, ogling man week days and Sunday ;

While man, afraid of Madam Grundy,

Cast down his eyes and blushed—which shows  
 That every thing by custom goes.

Ah! truly 'tis a moral code  
That trims itself with every mode!

In omnibusses skirt and gown  
Stood up—and whiskered folk sat down;  
No matter who, what kind or sort,  
And some one said: "Men thanked them for't!"  
In shops they kindly took to selling,  
And showed great art in story telling.  
Schools of theology were founded,  
And foundling hospitals abounded.

There Portia, judge, elected by  
The votes of the majority,  
Construes the law's judicial sense  
By favoring her constituents;  
Each court, to shield itself, enacts  
The jury judge of law and facts;  
The jury gives the law nor grudges  
The facts disposed of by the judges.  
But pretty justices complained  
Decorum could not be maintained  
While men would criticize their actions,  
And cast sheep's eyes at their attractions.  
The men averred they only saw,  
And, came to see—*fair forms of law!*

In fact these elves of flesh and blood  
Reform all things but womanhood;

While Fame, with telegraphic lyre,  
Strikes up their praises on the wire ;  
Conventions called in every town,  
Declare themselves for hoop and gown,

And promptly womankind elects  
Sophia, wisdom of her sex,  
The fairest, purest, of creation,  
Would be a mother to the nation,  
And fill with patriotic fire  
All men to be the Nation's sire.  
The men and women were content  
And hailed Sophia, President!

## Canto Fifth.

### ARGUMENT.

“ONCE more,” observed a witty soul,  
“Geese cackle on the Capitol!”  
The sex on Capitolian hill  
Makes bold to pass the army bill;  
Besides some warlike resolutions.  
Each sovereign State sends contributions,  
To free all women, as by law,  
And by armed peace, prepare for war!

’Tis passed and gone, the old Sanhedrim,  
The Areopagus, a day dream—  
The Senate’s passed of ancient Rome,  
And our last Congressmen gone home!  
No more shall patriot mouths outpour  
Tobacco juice upon the floor.  
No more shall boots of calf-skin stare  
From every desk, with polished air;  
Nor canes and cowhides represent  
Always the nation’s sentiment!

Sophia steps forth enrobed in blue,  
 She walks a queen, and is one, too ;  
 Behind her move, in flowing state,  
 The lovely, courtly, and the great !  
 Now, to the Capitol they mount,  
 As to a grand baptismal fount,  
 For all the speeches of the fair  
 Will certainly be christened there.  
 On top their flag is waving free,  
 Its motto, " Union !" " Liberty !"  
 Nor is the sex for hoop-room troubled,  
 As both the houses had been doubled !

Sophia rose—the ladies hushed—  
 Then lowly dropped her eyes and blushed.  
 (First office blush without intent,  
 Since Washington was President.)  
 Said she : " Our duty to fulfill,  
 " Let us discuss the army bill ;  
 " We might be taken by surprise,  
 " Before the House could organize ;  
 " For all our Congresses of late  
 " Have taken *buncombe* for *debate*.  
 " These telegrams reveal the news,  
 " That Tomahawks and Scalpemtoos  
 " Have recommenced, in spite of law,  
 " And rules of decency and war,  
 " To scalp the men, the babes to scare,  
 " And carry off the captive fair.

“ We ought to aid them—what think *you*?”

“ *We!*”—cried the House ; “ We think so, too!”

“ As Plato and Sir Thomas Moore

“ To woman’s valor witness bore ;

“ And Seneca these words indited

“ To Marcia, and the sex benighted :

“ ‘ Without a doubt, a woman can

“ ‘ Support fatigue as well as man ;

“ ‘ Nor is there work but she can do it,

“ ‘ *As soon as she’s accustomed to it!*”

“ *Therefore*—let us allay all fears,

“ By raising female volunteers.”

The House then called with welcome cheer :

“ The general in command—hear ! hear !”

The general rose, of rounded form,

Prepared to breast the savage storm ;

Her pants were modeled and demeanor,

On those of Kate, the great Tzarina ;

Bringing her ideas into file,

She thus harangued in Spartan style :

“ Arise ! arise ! ye Amazons !

“ And strike for husbands and for sons !

“ To you to lead in fight or talk,

“ Whose cheek ne’er paled at tomahawk,

“ Whose lip ne’er quivered at the knife ;

“ To arms ! prepare for deadly strife.

"To horse! the heart heroic bounds!"  
 "To horse! to horse! the trumpet sounds!"  
 She spoke—but echo died away  
 In silence shrouded and dismay;  
 The House was silent, no one talking,  
 Reflection turned on tomahawking.  
 At length, Sophia raised her head,  
 And, with subdued emotion, said:  
 "Your deathlike silence here conceals,  
 "A fire—that modesty reveals.  
 "Collect your strength to strike the blow,  
 "And bid defiance to the foe!"  
 "Yes," cried the House, in quick compliance,  
 "Defiance to the foe! Defiance!"

Then pressing on with resolution,  
 They rescue order from confusion.  
 Resolved: "We never more will board  
 "Such hungry ministers abroad,  
 "Who, like the Apostles, but less meek,  
 "In unknown tongues to nations speak."  
 Resolved: "The flag by treaty covers  
 "The cargo, even of hostile lovers,  
 "And neutral ships across the seas  
 "May bring as many as they please."  
 (This act, though really Mister Cass's,  
 Was ratified by all the lassies.)

"If Spain will sell us Cuba—let her—  
 "But if she wont—perhaps she'd better!



“ When Force, with filibustering drum,  
 “ Puts in the Spanish pie his thumb,  
 “ And gouges out the Cuban plum.”

Resolved: “ That act shall be the test  
 “ Of destiny made manifest.”

Unanimously they enact,  
 And pass their most important act :—  
 Resolved: “ That womankind be free  
 “ To fight and die for liberty !”

They felt, their banner once unfurl'd  
 For womankind throughout the world,  
 That conflicts irresistible  
 Must vindicate the principle :  
 Therefore the sex resolved to try  
 On man the rod of liberty,  
 And by its chastening application  
 To stimulate humiliation.

As all agreed upon the motion  
 To meet the foe upon the ocean,  
 The Congress thought it only right  
 To levy forces for the fight.  
 And soon toward the Atlantic board  
 Each State sent what it could afford.

First, Brigham Young some women sent—  
 A patriarchal compliment !  
 Missouri sent her compromise ;  
 And Western States gave land—to rise  
 Soon as the water on them dries !

The fast Saint Paul of Minnesota,  
 Of paper towns, sent on its quota.  
 A liquor law was shipped from Maine,  
 But Congress shipped it back again ;  
 From Lebanon they sent a dove,  
 And Philadelphia sent her love !  
 The Massachusetts commonweal  
 Sent on a hub, without the wheel ;  
 The very hub, that, in its day,  
 Was modeled for a one-horse shay !  
 New York, on reformation bent,  
 At once its Common Council lent,  
 Who raised the taxes ten per cent,  
 And kept them for a rainy day,  
 Which is the customary way !

A secret telegram was sent,  
 By the Commander President,  
 To commodores to keep an eye  
 Wide open for a victory.  
 And, then, within her spotless mansion  
 Sophia, with hoops of vast expansion,  
 And with a large supply of frocks in,  
 Stood well equipped to sound the tocsin.  
 The nation, to a woman, burned  
 To fight—and Congress stood adjourned !

## Canto Sixth.

### ARGUMENT.

THE ladies show how well they feel  
By fighting for the Commonweal.  
They gain a naval combat—query—  
If Perry equalled them at Erie!  
On their return the fleet is feted,  
New York is all illuminated,  
But they, with woman's natural dread,  
Give up the ship and go to bed!

DING-dong—ding-dong bell—striking five!  
Old Trinity is still alive,  
Like Memnon sounding loud and gay  
To greet the rising lord of day—  
The drowsy sun had slept enough,  
Kicked off his quilt of fleecy stuff;  
Then from his pants a purse he drew,  
Silver fringed of a dapple hue,  
And o'er the imperial city told,  
With rapid touch, his daily gold;  
Some burnished pieces bright and new  
On Hudson's dark green banks he threw,

While others skipped across the bay,  
Emblazoning upon their way  
A thousand sails of snowy white  
Fast anchored in the bay at night,  
Or closely huddled near the docks,  
Like frightened sheep in trembling flocks.

The city's guardian from surprise,  
The watch, too, thought it time to rise ;  
And thanked the foe no ship or schooner  
Had waked her from her slumbers sooner.  
When suddenly a ticking presage  
Across Long Island brought this message :  
" A fleet in sight—no doubt a foe,  
" Grim—huge—hostile—number don't know—  
" Wind fair—northeast by east—you may,  
" By three, expect them in the Bay."

The Commodore Dahlgrenia read  
The telegram and nobly said :  
" The time has come when man from harm  
" Seeks refuge in a woman's arm.  
" To save the land, right well I knew,  
" Mere '*Union meetings*' wouldn't do.  
" Can Commerce with a tow-string tie  
" Together our Confederacy,  
" A ballot use as business card,  
" Or measure freedom by the yard ?  
" Women alone can guarantee,  
" Free birthrights to posterity."

'Twas noon, when bold Dahlgrenia came  
 Down town, with ladies ripe for fame ;  
 But conscious of the see-saw mode  
 Of walking sailors have—*they* rode !  
 Twelve ships moored off pier number one,  
 To weigh, but staid the signal gun ;  
 Apostles' names the vessels bore,  
 And naval blue the sailors wore,  
 And coarse duck pantaloons or tights,  
 Outrivalling the Bloomerites ;  
 With little pockets in them all,  
 Why big ones ? since their hands were small.  
 To mention what these ladies wore  
 Is surely what they knew before ;  
 For women know what they had on,  
 In feast or funeral bygone,  
 Since Eve an apple ate to dress,  
 Her new-created loveliness.  
 Dahlgrenia in her barge, the crew  
 Pulled to the fleet as sailors do.  
 To fire the guns she shipped some boys,  
 Those dreadful things make *such* a noise ;  
 And men, in case there came a blow,  
 Those monstrous things *wouldn't flutter so !*  
 Bedecked with flags and streamers, too,  
 The fleet was comely as the crew.  
 Passing the Narrows on their way,  
 They entered in the Lower Bay.

Dahlgrenia now resolves to show  
 What crafty things the women know,  
 And signals all the ships to part,  
 And form in battle like a heart ;  
 Foremost the pointed part to be  
 Presented to the enemy,  
 And where the two curved circles meet  
 Would sail the flag-ship of the fleet.  
 Alas ! the captains didn't know  
 Precisely where to find the foe.

From stem to stern the orders flew,  
 From hold to topmast to the crew ;  
 Two veered about the foe to face,  
 Two squared their sails to take their place,  
 Two luffed, two crowded sail to chase,  
 Two sailing, midway anchors dropped,  
 Two furled their sails, and midway stopped.

In vain Dahlgrenia tried to check  
 The fault, by signals from the deck.  
 (Thus, like a hen, the chieftain stood,  
 Vain chuckling to her swimming brood.)  
 But, to uphold hoop-skirt and gown,  
 She fired a gun, *and then sat down !*  
 The well-trained captains, as before,  
 Did what they saw the Commodore.  
 The damsels fell, but rose in wonder,  
 Just after each discharge of thunder,

Determined, if not killed outright,  
They would, at least, survive the fight!

At length each gun had cleared its throat,  
And hemm'd and haw'd its husky note.  
The mists were frightened at their cough,  
And dropped their cloaks and capered off,  
Showing the vessels as they lay,  
Huddled close in the Lower Bay.

Full was the setting sun and red,  
As o'er the bulwarks peered a head,  
"Is everybody stiff in death?"  
Was shouted with an anxious breath.  
Familiar rang the chieftain's voice,  
Yet not a sailor made a noise;  
But soon, to view the vanquished foe,  
They gain the bulwarks on tiptoe,  
A moment, peeping o'er the side,  
A moment, bobbing down to hide,  
An instant listen to the shout  
That asks them what they are about;  
Then—as they see Dahlgrenia's form—  
The sunshine of a thunder-storm—  
The ratlins nimbly climb by crowds  
And all that can shin up the shrouds,  
Waving their hats to stripes and stars,  
They yell to "woman's rights," "huzzahs!!"

Ah! what will the New Yorkers say  
 On learning what transpired that day?  
 Dahlgrenia thought it best to wait,  
 And not return to town till late.

'Twas midnight passed when from the Bay  
 The gallant fleet got under way;  
 But man and maiden on a bark  
 Won't always do when it is dark;  
 So still was all, except the tide,  
 That rippled on the vessel's side,  
 It sounded as if all the ships  
 Were kissing little wavy lips.  
 The rolling of the sea, though steady,  
 Had made them all a little heady!

New York, however, on retiring,  
 Had fireworks prepared for firing,  
 The usual pyrotechnic train,  
 In case the fleet should come—or rain!  
 The crews were landed, startled, ran,  
 The maiden middy, boy and man,  
 While squibs and wheels and rockets flew  
 As fast as they, and faster too!  
 But soon, by hook or crook, they hid  
 Beneath the sheltering coverlid;  
 Then all was still—the old church bell  
 Struck three—and watchmen cried: “All's well!”



## Canto Seventh.

### ARGUMENT.

SOPHIA—wisest of creation—  
Ends woman's reign by proclamation!

THREE hours long the Dawn had culled  
The freshness of the morning air ;  
Three hours long the Day had lulled  
To heavenly sleep the morning star ;  
Three hours since o'er night was flung  
The golden mantle of the sun,  
And still the day had not begun ;  
That is, the day for womankind  
For no one could a woman find.

Faint whispers spread from low to high :  
“ 'Tis the last days of Pompeii ;”  
Man's power again began to dawn,  
The prestige of the sex was gone.

The boys, and soon the men as well,  
Peeped out like turtles from the shell ;

The baby squalls—John runs to bring  
 The pap, to hush the little thing,  
 When lo, behold! Ye lovers, think!  
 The mother gives the baby drink.  
 The farmer shoulders axe or spade,  
 And to the barnyard trips the maid;  
 The smith strikes in with blows sonorous,  
 And gayly chimes the anvil chorus.

At twelve o'clock to all the nation  
 Was telegraphed this proclamation:

“All hail! all hail! my heart is moved!

“Sophia's heart! your own beloved!

“Domestic ties and cares of State

“Require me now to abdicate:

“A strict account I choose to tender,

“And then my stewardship surrender.

“Since woman's flag must stay half furl'd

“Till Force has ceased to rule the world,

“Let us observe in what she can

“Surpass, if not, then equal, man.

“In schools of beauty, form, and grace,

“Woman must always find her place;

“For painting, poetry, and song

“Most properly to her belong.

“Both married women and the maids

“Will thrive in all the lighter trades.

“If deep her voice, let woman lecture

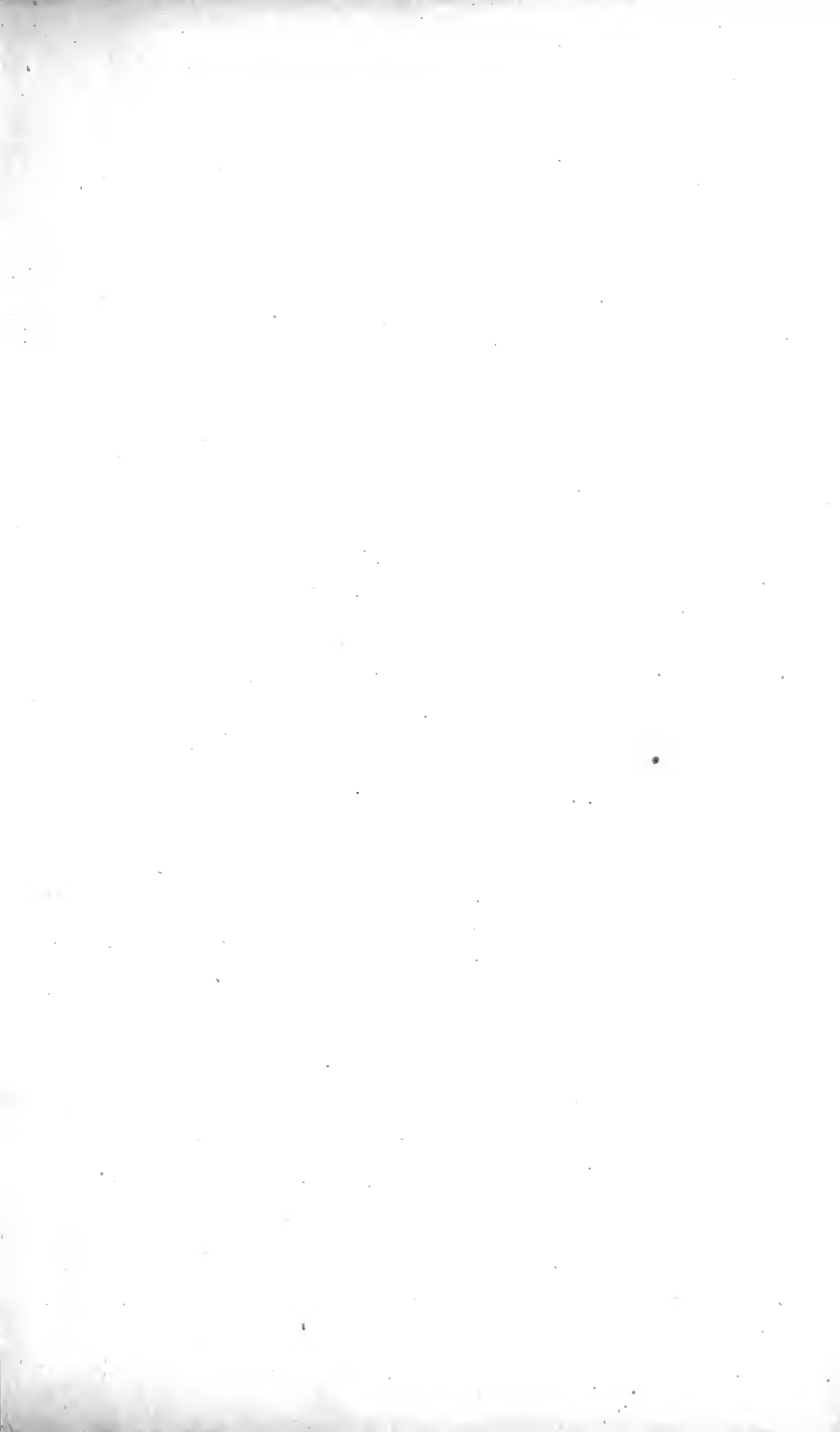
“And let her study architecture—

" Do all the loving and delighting,  
 " And let the men do all the fighting ;  
 " The fault, if any, lies above,  
 " A woman's labor must be love.  
 " When love controls all labor, then  
 " The women may compete with men ;  
 " Woman, a preacher may become,  
 " When charity begins at home ;  
 " A lawyer, when she spends her days  
 " In talking only when it pays ;  
 " A politician when the D——  
 " Can make her sin a little wee !

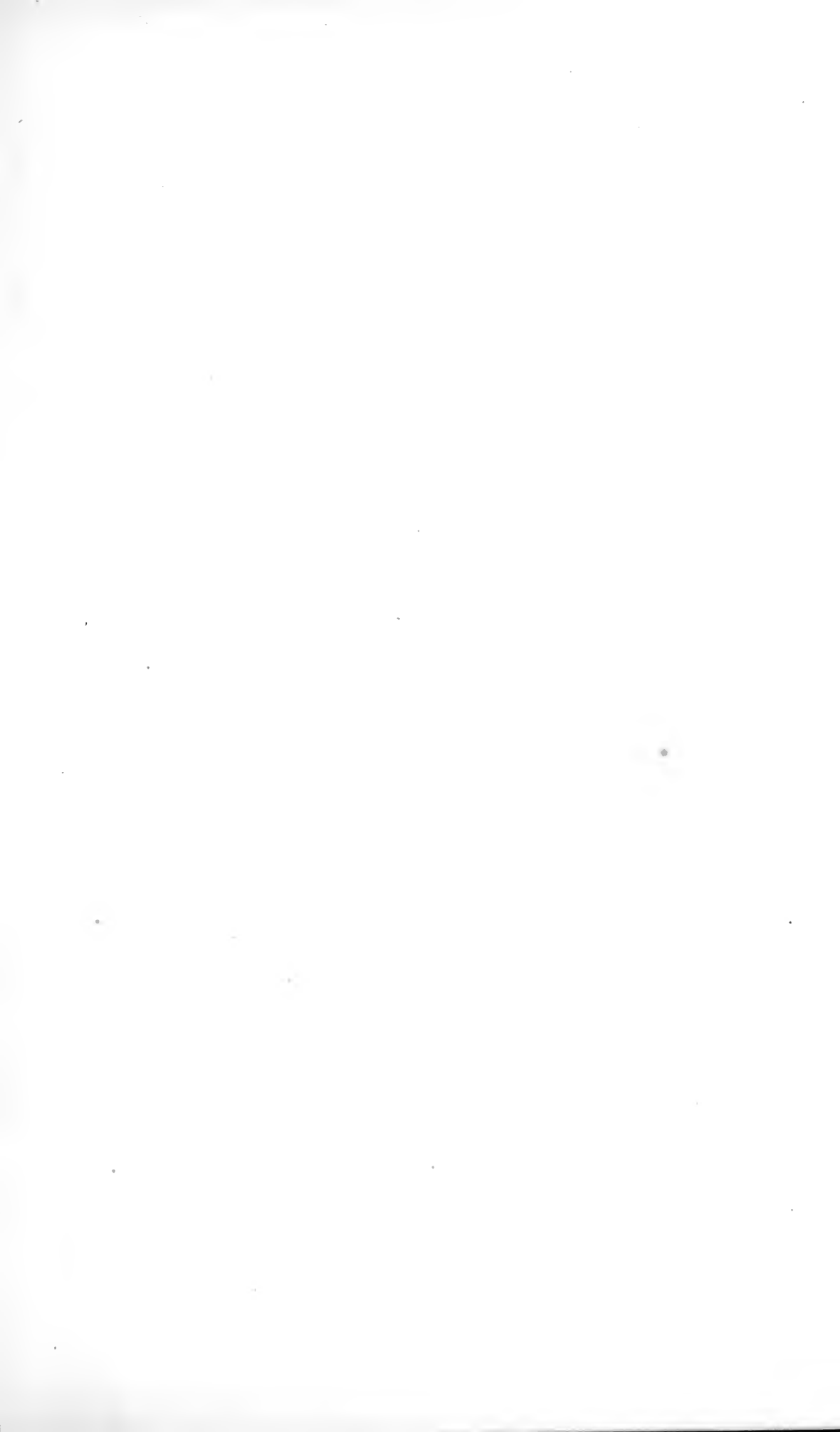
" Since ' Woman's Rights' has now run out,  
 " The next best thing, without a doubt,  
 " Is getting wherewithal to sooth her  
 " Prescribed by Doctor Martin Luther :  
 " ' If she is cold,' wrote this Reformer,  
 " ' A tender flame perhaps will warm her.'  
 " And fearful lest self-love control me,  
 " I've taken a husband to console me ;  
 " We thank our stars for our relation,  
 " And Martin of the Reformation !  
 " Farewell ! constituents, from date  
 " Resigning all the cares of State,  
 " I shall, by husband's kind desire,  
 " Sign, Mistress Wisdom, *vice* Sophia ;  
 " Of woman's reign and fall of man,  
 " Year one, blank month, since it began !"

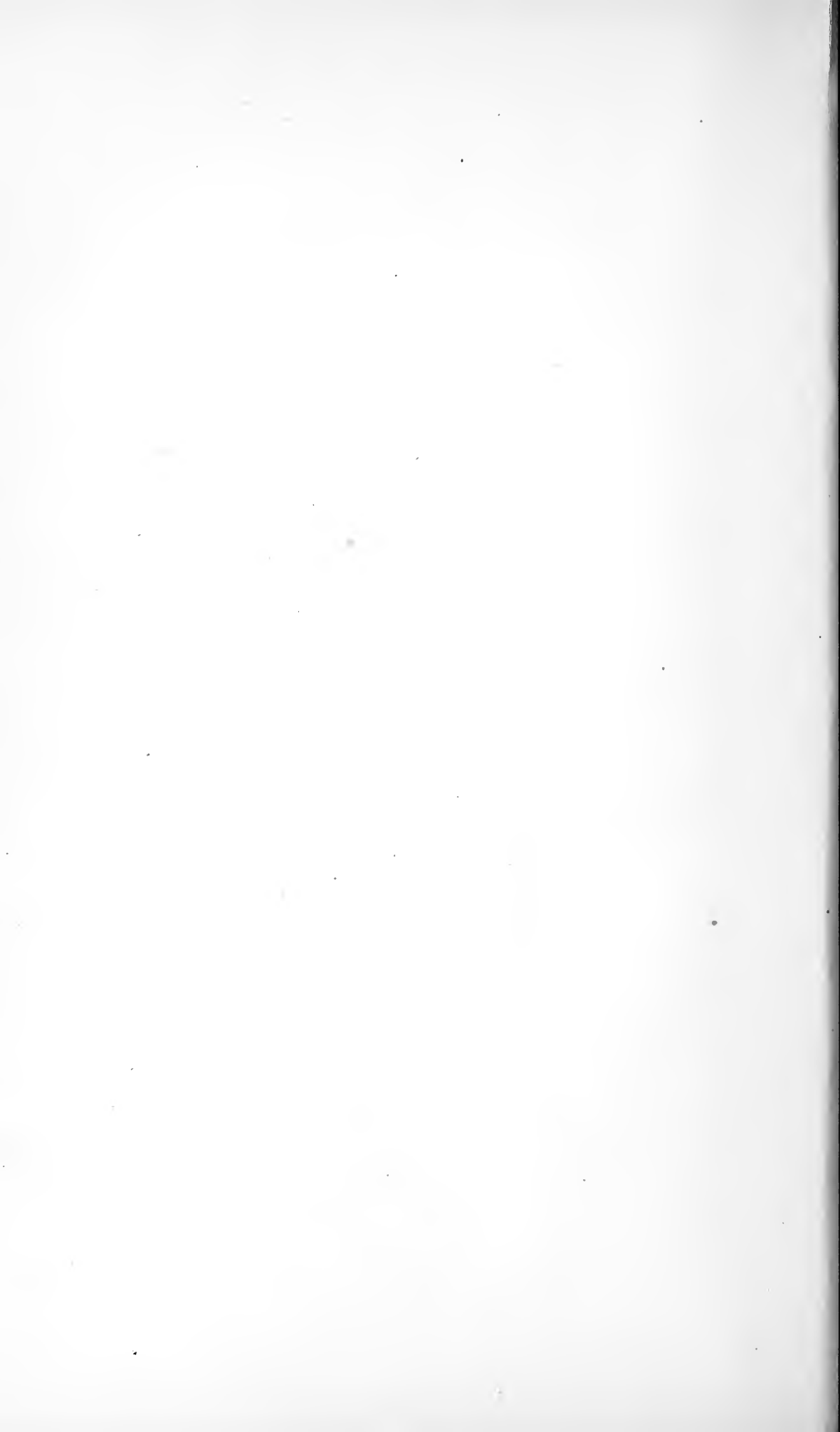
### L'Envoi.

Both Newton and his dog as well  
Beheld an apple as it fell,  
And in its fall great Newton saw  
His long sought gravitation law,  
While subtle Pompey only found  
A rotten apple on the ground !



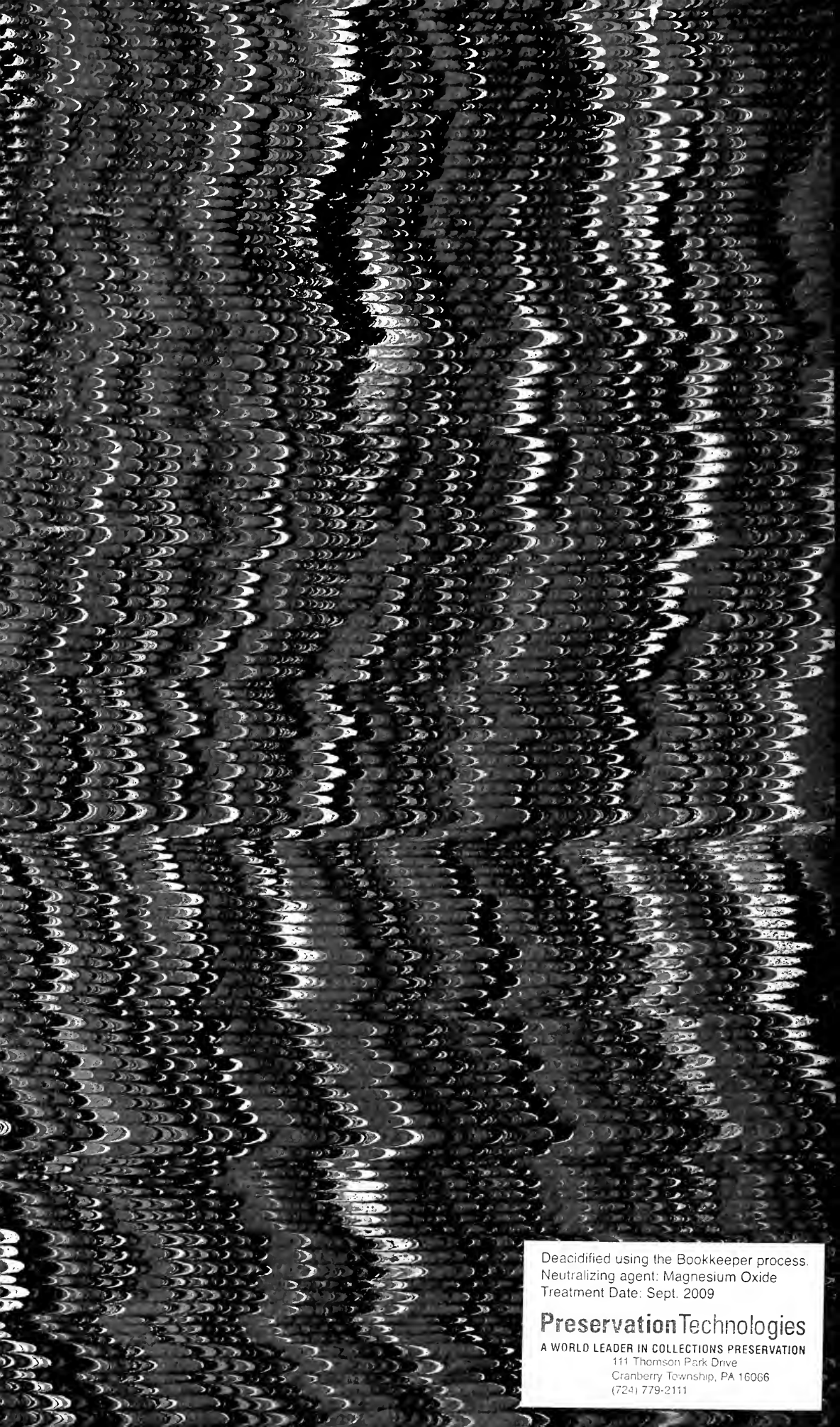










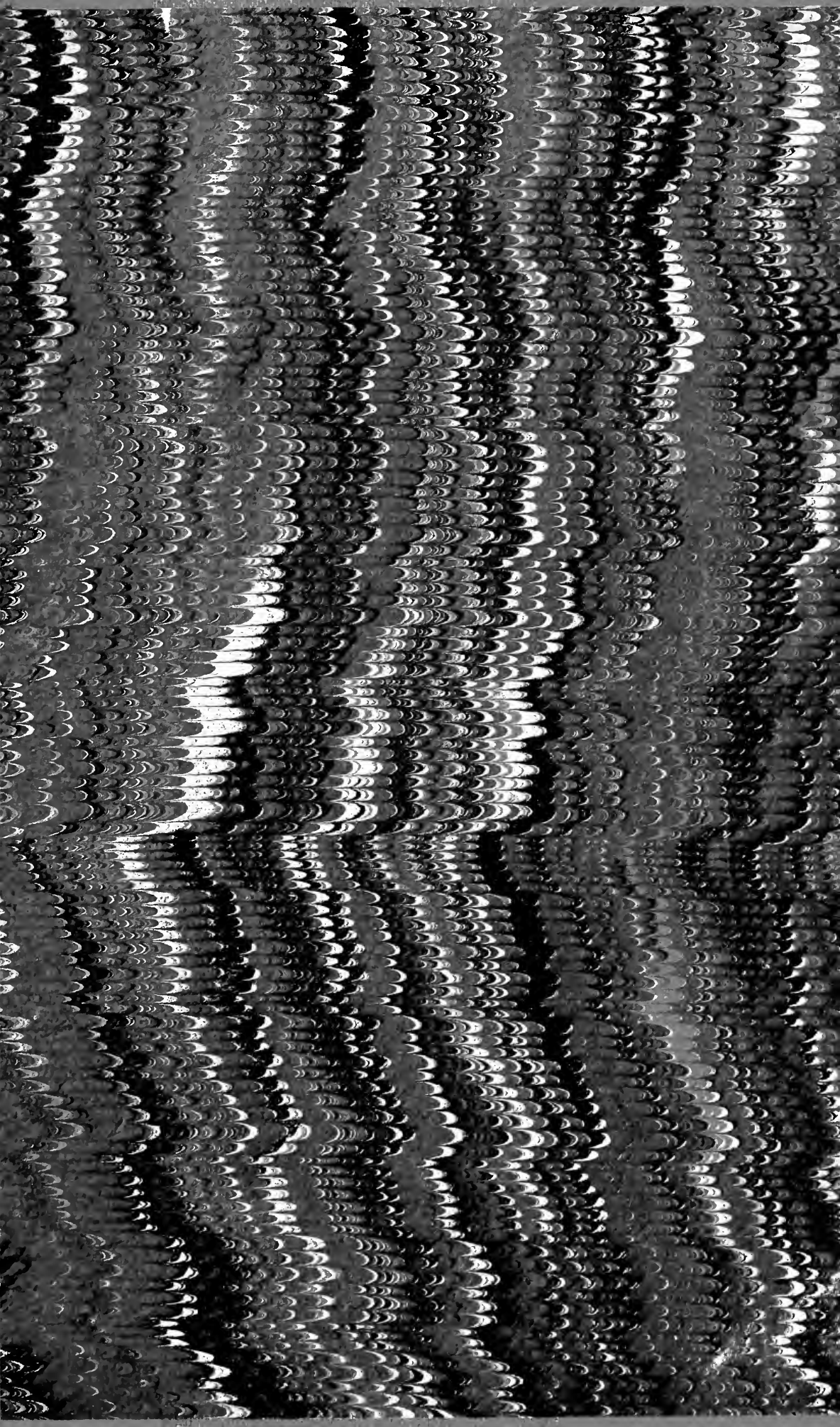


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